





# THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

## WIRELESS TELEPHONING.

An Experiment Was Tried at Powderhorn Lake, Minn., Which Proved a Success.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 19.—An experiment in wireless telephoning which was tried at Powderhorn Lake Sunday afternoon proved a decided success and may take the place of the old system of wires.

The originator of the idea is J. C. Kelsey, who is in charge of the switchboard at the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Co.'s building, and with him were five other employees of the company.

The method is a very simple one. On either side of the lake they strung a wire about one hundred feet in length, the two being parallel. They were above the ground, and fastened with grounding pins to insure better induction. An ordinary local telephone transmitter and receiver were attached to either wire. When the transmitting circuit is cut in it induces the current into the receiving circuit and when the receiving circuit is cut in it induces the current into the transmitting circuit.

In this way the advantage of both circuits is secured, with out the use of wire, and as a result the conversation can be carried on more easily and with better results. The wires to which the instruments were attached run parallel and there are two currents in operation all the time. The one going from one end of the wire to the other and the second flowing to its affinity, as it were—that is, the parallel wires.

The use of the system is not confined to water. It is available on land if good ground facilities can be secured. The experimenters say that they could easily converse a distance of 20 miles with the crude instruments used Sunday.

## BOY KILLED HIS FATHER.

The Mother, Sister and the Latter's Husband Implicated in the Terrible Crime.

Poplar Bluff, Mo., Nov. 19.—Walter Alexander, the 15-year-old son of Richard Alexander, a farmer living across the line in Arkansas, is under arrest on suspicion of being implicated in the death of his father, who was shot and killed Saturday. Young Alexander, who was arrested pending an investigation, is said to have confessed the crime and to have implicated his mother, sister, and the latter's husband, James Hogan, all of whom have been arrested and placed in jail at Corning, Ark.

Citizens are aroused, and Hogan, whom they profess to believe is at the bottom of the affair, will be taken to the county jail at Paragould, Ark., for safe keeping.

## FATAL HOTEL FIRE.

The McGonigal House at Oswayo, Pa., Burned, and Four Men Lost Their Lives in the Flames.

Oswayo, Pa., Nov. 19.—Four men were burned to death in a fire which Sunday destroyed the McGonigal house, a three-story frame building, the hotel barn and the opera house. The three buildings were burned to the ground in half an hour from the time the fire started.

The town has no fire department, the only protection being a pump at the tannery. The fire originated in the McGonigal house from the overpressure of natural gas. There were 30 people in the hotel, which was a flimsy structure. Two men were seriously injured. Otto Kauley, a gas line worker of Coudersport, Pa., was burned about the face and arms and Jerry Bailey sustained a broken shoulder by jumping from the third story of the hotel. There were many narrow escapes, most of the occupants jumping from the windows of the building.

## Wall Street Broker Assigns.

New York, Nov. 19.—Francis D. Carley, well known Wall street broker who lives at Orange, N. J., made the announcement Sunday at Newark that late on Saturday he fled in the United States district court at Trenton a petition in bankruptcy. The petition declares liabilities to be more than a million and the assets nothing.

## Cowboys' Duel.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 19.—John and Albert Oldierce and Tobias Borner, cowboys, fought a duel in the mountains near Otto, Wyo. Three horses were killed and the Alderice brothers were seriously wounded. John received a ball in each arm and Albert was shot in the stomach. The two families have been at war for some time. Further trouble may result.

## A Block Burned.

Davenport, Ia., Nov. 19.—The Renwick block, occupied by the Davenport Furniture and Carpet Co., and the adjacent buildings of Harold Peterson Wallpaper Co., Jarvis, White & Co. and Berry shoe house, burned on Sunday afternoon. Loss, \$100,000; insurance, \$80,000.

## Whole Class Punished.

Annapolis, Md., Nov. 19.—An order issued at the naval academy restricts the third class of cadets from privileges on account of their signing a paper asking clemency for a classmate who was recently dismissed for "gouging."

# PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

Situation is Favorable to Beginning a Preliminary Settlement.

Military Operations in the Orient Are Virtually at a Standstill—German and Italian Expeditions Were Unopposed.

Peking, Nov. 17, via Shanghai, Nov. 19.—The belief that the note of the powers to the Chinese commissioners, Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang, will be completed soon is strengthened by the results of the recent informal conferences of the ministers of the powers.

Mr. Conger, the United States minister, said to a correspondent Sunday:

"The situation is apparently very favorable to the early beginning of negotiations for the preliminary settlement. I believe that the next meeting of the foreign envoys will virtually settle all points of difference between the representatives of the powers who will lose no time in presenting the demands."

"What the result will be it is impossible to foretell. Even this has placed China in a very critical position. Whether she will be able to preserve her integrity and to save her trade relations with the rest of the world will depend upon what the powers demand in the final settlement and upon her willingness to accept promptly the conditions proposed."

"It is quite unlikely, if not impossible, that the Chinese court will return to Peking before next spring but I do not anticipate any serious delay in the progress of the negotiations with the Chinese commissioners as they are in telegraphic communication with the court."

Military operations are virtually at a standstill. The German and Italian expeditions northward passed the Nan Kau pass unopposed.

Peking, Nov. 16, via Shanghai, Nov. 19.—Sanitary conditions here are becoming serious. Since the foreign occupation many Chinese died of smallpox and other infectious diseases. Fearing that their funerals would be interfered with, they have kept most of the coffins containing their dead in their houses and court yards.

The question of removing garbage has become one of great importance. As the natives are forbidden to deposit refuse in the streets, there is now an enormous accumulation in their dwellings and yards, which threatens a serious epidemic. In view of the large number of troops in and near the capital the consequences of such an outbreak would be frightful. Smallpox, which is always prevalent, is much more malignant during the winter season, and the danger here is now alarmingly increasing.

Paris, Nov. 19.—The following advice have been received from Peking, dated November 17:

"M. Pichon (French minister in Peking) visited Li Hung Chang, who handed to him imperial decrees depriving Prince Tuan and Prince Chwang of their titles of nobility and directing that they be imprisoned at Mulden until death. The decrees assert that Prince Ying has already been degraded and imprisoned, that Prince Lien has been ordered not to leave his palace, that Duke Lin and Ying Nien, president of the censorate, and others, have been degraded and that Yu Hsien has been exiled."

"Another decree says it is impossible to arrest Gen. Tung Fu Hsiang at present because he is in possession of the troops, but that he will be punished later."

## THE CZAR'S CONDITION.

Bulletins Give It as Favorable—Weakness of Heart, However, Causes Some Apprehension.

London, Nov. 19.—The only reliable news regarding the condition of Emperor Nicholas published here Monday morning is the Lividia bulletin, but dispatches from Berlin and Copenhagen all speak equally favorable. A dispatch from the Danish capital says the dowager zarina will remain at Fredensborg possibly until December 3.

According to the Moscow correspondent of the Daily Express the weakness of the czar's heart causes some apprehension.

## Their Charred Remains Found.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 19.—The charred remains of Mrs. Mary Van Lieu, colored, and her two-year-old daughter, were found Sunday morning in the ruins of their home at Trenton Junction, which was destroyed by fire Saturday night. Robert Henson, also colored, was lodged in jail here Sunday night and committed to await a hearing on the charge of the murder of Mrs. Van Lieu and her daughter and the burning of their home.

The biggest hop field on earth is at Pleasanton, Alameda county, Cal.

Canadians are manifestly not very fond of beer. Last year they consumed but 3.9 gallons per head, as compared with a consumption of 12.60 gallons per head in the United States.

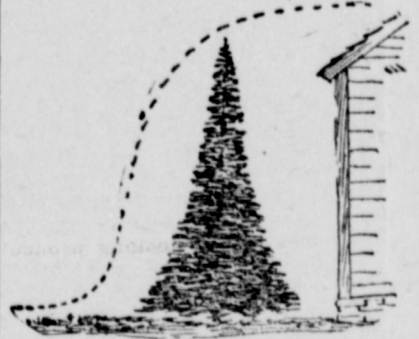
It is well known that polo was played in the early part of the tenth century in parts of Asia, principally in Persia, India and Japan. In the latter country, where it was undoubtedly played in the sixth century, there is a tradition that the game was known to the people 600 years before Christ.

## EVERGREEN HEDGES.

As an Effective Windbreak and a Real Ornament to the Farm They Have No Equal.

In planting evergreens for a windbreak, it is well to remember that the best results are obtained when the trees are closely branched clear to the ground, thus giving an upward curving surface that seems to turn the wind upward, giving protection to a building even taller than the row of trees. This idea is shown in the cut, the dotted line showing the direction of the wind. If the trees are not thick at their bases the wind will not be thus deflected upward and the chief value of the hedge as a windbreak is lost.

And right here it is to be remembered that to secure an evergreen tree close branched to the ground the trees must



EVERGREENS AS WINDBREAKS.

not be planted too closely together. When evergreens crowd each other the crowded portion is quite sure to die out, leaving open spaces for the wind to blow through. In setting out a windbreak, therefore, put the trees far enough apart so that when they become of average size they will form a compact screen. In setting out small trees one is always in danger of setting them too near together, whether they be fruit trees or ornamentals. The ultimate size of the tree must always be kept in mind when setting it out. It is asserted by those who have had experience that a double row of evergreens do not afford so good a protection from the wind as a single row that has grown up into a compact hedge, since the double rows so shade some of the trees that they do not grow well. In transplanting evergreens it is important to keep the roots from becoming dry and to give plenty of moisture after setting. When the roots of an evergreen get thoroughly dried out its chances for life are very small, indeed.

—N. Y. Tribune.

## MUST USE WIDE TIRES.

Provisions of an Excellent Law Passed by the Progressive Legislators of Massachusetts.

The wide-tire law, passed by the Massachusetts legislature through the efforts of the Massachusetts division of the League of American Wheelmen, provides that on and after January 1, 1902, "It shall be unlawful, except as provided in section 4 of this act, to use upon any road, street or way in this commonwealth a draft wagon or cart having tires of iron or steel, or of any substance equally hard, which are less in width than one and one-half times the diameter of the axle, measured at the shoulder thereof; but in no case shall a tire more than four inches in width be required, and wagons and carts built with wooden or hollow axles shall have tires not less in width than the diameter of the axle, measured at the shoulder thereof."

"This act shall apply to all wagons and carts the axles of which are two inches or more in diameter, measured as aforesaid, and to all stage coaches, tally-ho coaches, barges and other passenger vehicles not built to run on iron or steel rails and constructed to carry eight or more persons."

The fourth section states that the act shall not apply to wagons or other vehicles owned and used in the state on January 1, 1902. This is the weak clause in the bill, putting off the best effects of the law for many years. The penalty for violation of the law is a fine not exceeding \$100.

## Advantages of Hay Caps.

At the present prices of cotton cloth a set of good hay caps a yard square would sometimes pay for themselves in a single season, when a wet spell catches the farmer with a lot of hay nearly cured enough for the barn. It is both provoking and a sure loss to have a good crop of what should have been good hay converted into bedding or something worse than that, after one has worked two or three days to get it fit for the barn. Yet we have often seen this happen. A cap a yard square will cover a good-sized tumble of hay or shock of grain, as if it does not reach the ground it is enough to have the top well covered if the hay is properly made. We have heard some say that the hay would spoil by heating under the cap, but we never have had it do so.—Prairie Farmer.

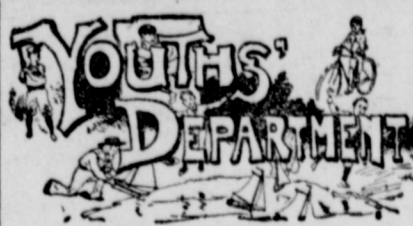
## MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

It will cost \$98,000,000 to keep New York city going during 1901.

The trades unions of San Francisco have raised nearly \$80,000 by assessments and donations to maintain the strikes of the planing mill workers in their effort to gain an eight-hour working day in California.

The Union Traction company of Philadelphia promises to run open cars, one in five, all winter long, with no restrictions as to smoking. In the summer smoking is permitted there only on the three last seats of the open cars.

Two of the old cannon which the English took from the French in 1745 and three into the harbor of Louisbourg have been brought to Toronto. The cannon have been lying at the bottom of the sea for 150 years. Each cannon is about nine feet long and weighs over 3,000 pounds.



## CAPTURING MONKEYS.

The Manner in Which the Brazilian Negro Takes Advantage of Jocko's Appetite.

Once, while I was a cabin boy on a merchant ship, we stopped for several days at Rio Janeiro, which gave me a splendid chance to look around that very interesting South American city. But, being a true American boy, I didn't think anything there was as good as my home in New York, except the monkeys and the parrots. About a dozen peddlers swarmed about the wharves selling monkeys and parrots to the many travelers who came and went from that port. They had so many young monkeys and sold them so cheaply (I paid 25 cents for a little monkey and five cents for a young parrot) that my curiosity made me ask: "Do they raise them?"

Which question greatly amused a dark-skinned old Brazilian who spoke very good English. He then told me how these people got the immense number of monkeys they brought to the wharves.

The natives make a fermented liquid, one of the ingredients of which is sour milk from coconuts, of which the monkeys are very fond. They take this beer to parts of the forest frequented by monkeys and set it on the ground in big calabashes, as the vessels are called, and then hide. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes this enticing liquid he utters loud cries of joy, calling his companions. Then they begin a "jamboree," the



CATCHING MR. MONK.

beasts showing all signs of exhilaration.

While the animals are having a good time the dark-skinned natives appear. Some of the monkeys escape, but the others are too joyful to mistrust anything, and appear to take the negroes for larger species of their own family. The negroes catch one or two and begin to pet them and lead them away. The monkeys take the hands of other monkeys and form a line of ten or a dozen monkeys, being led by a negro. They are led in this manner some distance away, where the negroes have been hiding and have cages awaiting them, always on the outer edge of a negro village.

For two or three days a little of the liquid is given the monkeys to reconcile them by degrees to their captivity. The men feed and tame them and take them down into the city and to the wharves to sell them, and, as the Brazilian lives in a land where food and drink are easily found, he lives very cheaply, so by selling a monkey for 25 cents he makes a handsome profit.

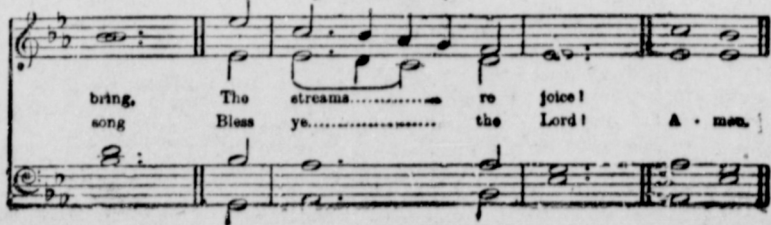
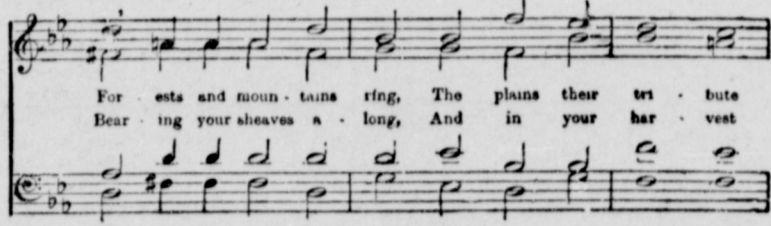
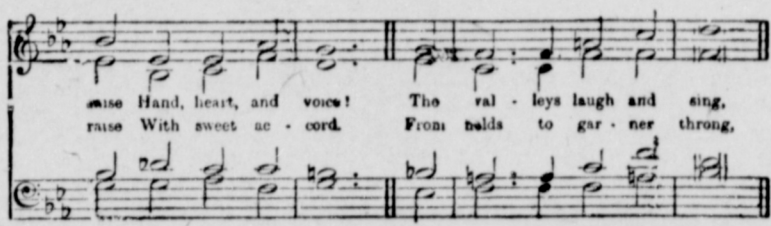
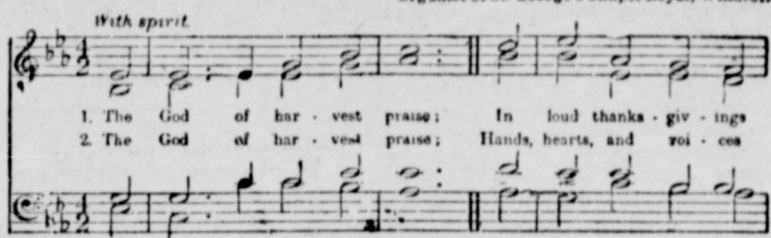
He has even less trouble catching parrots in many traps and raising them, so he can be said to live a lazy man's life.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## The God of Harvest Praise.

[A Song of Thanksgiving, from The Quiver, London.]

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Musical by SIR WALTER PARKETT, MRS. D. Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



## INSECTS IN WINTER.

Many Show a Wonderful Instinct in Caring for Their Eggs During the Cold Months.

A little boy once asked his father if the house flies went south for the winter, like the birds; and then his father told him a long story about different insects and what became of them during the cold months.

He told the boy that when the autumn comes the death knell of millions of flies has sounded. They do not prepare for winter as many other insects do. The majority die and their little bodies are blown away by the passing breeze. A few hardy flies will linger in the cracks in the walls, creep under the door frames or into crevices in the woodwork, and some naturalists believe that these few lingering flies are the parents of the multitude that appear in the warm days of June, for they lay thousands of eggs.

Katydid, grasshoppers, crickets and beetles are killed by the frost, and the eggs which they hide in the ground or conceal in the bark of trees furnish the supply for the next year. These hatch out in the warm days of spring.

Beetles exhibit a wonderful instinct in caring for their eggs during winter. Among some species the eggs are rolled in balls of material suitable for food, and then the balls are packed away in a nest until the infant beetle wakes up and eats its way out.

Then there are "sexton" beetles, which deposit their eggs in the bodies of dead birds or field mice, after which they set to work and perform the proper rites of burial, heaping the earth upon the body of the dead. The young beetle, when hatched from the egg, finds a store of food awaiting its arrival in the world.

It is said that spiders store away no food supply in winter quarters. Quantities of eggs are laid and carefully sheltered in velvet cobweb sacks that defy the weather. These sacks may be found swinging by silken robes from the goldenrod and milkweed and hidden away in crevices and corners of board fences and stone walls. The little spiders creep from their cozy sleeping bags which the wise mother has provided for them, and if they escape their cannibal brothers and sisters they enter at once on a career of trapping and hunting.

Bees and wasps lay up stores for the winter, the wasps not as carefully as the bees, but in the center of the cone shaped nest of the paper making wasps may be found goodly stores of honey.

The thrifty ant deserves much sympathy, in that it is a dainty morsel for spiders, beetles, crickets and other insect hunters. A few ants may survive and feed on accumulated stores during the winter, but it is chiefly the eggs and cocoons hidden away in the secure underground chambers of the ant hill that furnish the ant population of the following summer.

The ant's care of its young; the management of its slaves; and the tiny insect cows which they capture and from which the honeydew is milked, all would furnish a tale as interesting as the customs of any wandering tribes of the desert or any lost nation of darkest Africa.—N. Y. Tribune.

## His Patience Was Exhausted.

Little four-year-old Willie had been told repeatedly that he must never ask for anything at the table, but should wait patiently till he was served. One day while dining at a neighbor's with his mother the little fellow was accidentally overlooked. Patience finally ceased to be a virtue, and in an audible whisper he said: "Mamma, do little boys go to Heaven when they starve to death?"

## Satisfied.

"Did the bulldog pursue you far?" "No, he got all he wanted at the first jump."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for November 25, 1900—Sobriety Living.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.] THE LESSON TEXT. (Titus 2: 1-15.)

1. But speak thou the things which become sound doctrine:
2. That the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience.
3. The aged women likewise, that they be in behaviour as becometh holiness, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things.
4. That they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children.
5. To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed.
6. Young men likewise exhort to be sober minded.
7. In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity.
8. Sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you.
9. Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again:
10. Not purloining, but shewing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.
11. For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.
12. Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.
13. Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ:
14. Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.
15. These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thee.

## GOLDEN TEXT.—We should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.—Tit. 2:12.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

This date has been set aside as the world's temperance Sunday, the Scripture passage selected by the international committee to be studied emphasizes the lesson of sobriety in every phase of life. In our day the greatest intemperance is that relating to the use of intoxicating liquors.

Virtues of a Sober Life.—It has been noted that in the first 11 verses attention is called to 19 virtues. (1) "Be sober," or, according to the revised version, temperate—referring especially to the use of wine. (2) "Grave." Conducting oneself with due propriety of demeanor. (3) "Temperate." This is rendered "sober-minded" in the revision, and calls for a perfect control over the impulses.

(4) "Sound in faith." We must not only have faith, but the right kind of faith; such makes life healthful and wholesome. (5) Sound also "in charity," and (6) "in patience." Here we have three great essentials to any Christian character—faith, love and patience. (7) "In behavior as becometh holiness." The revised version says "reverent in demeanor." Reverence is one of the virtues much lacking in our modern life, or at least one we could cultivate to good advantage more assiduously. (8) "Not false accusers." Or, not slanderers. Aiding in the circulation of unfounded rumors, or unkindly gossip, is not becoming to a Christian. (9) "Not given to much wine." The revised version again gives us the key when it says, "enslaved" to much wine. Giving oneself over to immoderate drinking means the losing of one's independence. (10) "Teachers of good things." If we have learned the right way of living, it is only right to try to persuade others to adopt it, too. (11) Love of home is the virtue inculcated in verses 4 and 5, and love of home is a distinctly Christian trait. (12) "Be sober-minded." This to young men who are apt to live by impulse, and trust to age and experience to imbue a frame of mind that should early be cultivated by all means within reach. (13) "Showing thyself a pattern of good works." Try to be what you want others to be. The best preaching is honest practice. (14) "In doctrine showing incorruptness and sincerity." Doctrine means teaching. (15) "Sound speech." The matter and manner of speech count for much. (16) "Obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well." This to servants, and this includes employees and others who for part of the time at least are not wholly their own masters. Note that the apostle places importance on being "well pleasing." (17) "Not purloining." That is avoiding dishonest practices of any kind. (18) "Showing all good fidelity." Faithfulness in every relation of life is a virtue that should be perfected. "Adorn the doctrine." The beauty of holiness is not always apparent in Christians, but should be made to appear in all. The doctrine should be commended by the beauty of the life.

Incentives to Sober Living.—One reason for living as the apostle exhorts all to is "the grace of God." It is a loving Providence who looks after the welfare and interest of His children. To live in accordance with the divine plan ought to be our highest ambition. Another incentive is that the time is coming when, at "the glorious appearing of the Great God," we shall hear His commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant." A third incentive is that Christ died that we might be redeemed from sin.

## Spear Points.

There are no dead saints. The better days will come only as you do your best to-day. The more intensive your faith the more extensive your influence. The church without a prayer meeting is a body without a heart. If you give no place to the devil you will not go to the devil's place. While we are close to Christ we never find any weight in his yoke. The Christian who knows God, will praise Him every day of his life, whether he feels like it or not.—Barnes' Zora.



# THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

## PRESERVE YOUR SELF-RESPECT.

You may not be a nabob nor "sassy" as elect. But you can be a manly man and hold your self-respect. Though hands be hard and horny and rough features black with grime. Industrious independence may be with you all the time. Kid gloves are never merit-marks, silk stockings don't make man. Preserve your self-respect and do the very best you can.

The man who owns his money may get pleasure in that plan. But the man owned by his money gets beneath the devil's ban. For cash is but a creature to one who plates his heart with coin. And poverty can never as much happiness purloin. If you without a dollar would be of the Lord's elect. Be master of your manhood and preserve your self-respect.

Scorn sordid souls who sacrifice to dollars every joy. Who mix the gold of manliness with Mammon's dirt alloy. Who auction off their honor for a paltry dollar bill. And for some cheap preferment nobles instincts curse and kill. The man who knows his duty will such ruin-bait reject. Will squarely face the sunshine and preserve his self-respect.

Shun all who play the pirate with some other fellow's boat. Who traffic in their principles, their voices or their vote. Who wriggle like low reptiles on a self-made slimy trail. Whose soul-sails shift like wings of bats to fit each changing gale. With missing links of looseness never let your lives connect. But couple up to courage and to solid self-respect.

What profits it though evil triumph for few fleeting years. Your cold ill-gotten money dampened by the wronged one's tears. Your honors rimmed with sadness and your glory with remorse. The animal a donkey that you fancied was a horse? Avoid all dirty doings, each a danger and defect. Just manumit your manhood and preserve your self-respect.

I. EDGAR JONES.

## Their First Trouble

By Gertrude Smith.

"THERE come those dear children over to see me. Hold up your skirts, Althea. You ought to have gone around by the road this wet morning."

"Wilfred insisted on coming this way," Althea answered, laughing.

"I love to come by the zig-zag meadow path over to Aunt Roey's," said the young man, and taking off his hat, he made a low bow to the little woman standing in the doorway.

"Of all the happy ones I ever saw, I do believe you two are the happiest!" said Aunt Roey, looking down at them with shining eyes.

"We've come over to breakfast," said Althea.

"O have you? That is nice. I can give you strawberries and cream and toast and some of Toodle's eggs."

"Dear little Toodle doesn't know what a blessing she is," laughed Wilfred.

"If she doesn't, it isn't because Aunt Roey hasn't told her," said Althea. "She talks to everything about the place. Why, she even talks to the clock!"

"There, there, Althea. Don't tell all my foolishness! Take Wilfred on into the front room, and I'll call you in a few minutes."

When the two were alone in the long, sunny parlor Wilfred took Althea's hand and led her to the piano. It had been bought by Aunt Roey as a special inducement to the young people who lived across the meadow. Since Althea's engagement to Wilfred Brayton the instrument had brought the little lady a pleasure she had never hoped for.

Althea turned on the music stool and looked up at him as the song came to an end.

"O, I long to have mother and the girls and Aunt Roey hear you sing in a hall, as I did last winter. They haven't really heard you yet, you know."

"It wouldn't mean so much to them as hearing me here, dear," Wilfred answered, kissing her. "I sing only simple music here, because I am singing for their pleasure. You understand the other, but they do not."

"That is just why I love you," said Althea, with emphasis. "You never have tried to impress them one bit with your importance."

"I have no importance to impress them with, Althea," Wilfred answered, laughing. "There was a time when a man who sang as well as I do would have been known the continent over, but now there are many who sing as well, and who live as well on the income of their talent as we shall live. And there was a time, and not long ago, when it would have been impossible to have found a girl like Althea Winthrop in the wilds of northern Michigan."

"O well, I've not always lived right here. I've been away to school," said Althea.

"Breakfast is ready," said Aunt Roey opening the door. "Such a treat as you have been giving me, dear boy."

"Now, isn't that fine? No one but my mother ever called me 'dear boy.' I came into this house 30 years ago in the same dream of happiness you two are now in. My story is told and yours has just begun. Sometimes I think if young people could have a little trial come to them along with their first happiness they would be

stronger to meet what may come to them after; but, I don't know!"

"A trial has come to us in our first happiness, Aunt Roey," said the young man. "At least I feel it almost more of a trial than I can go through. Althea is very brave. She seems to think we have love enough to bear up under it, some way."

"What does he mean, Althea?" "We came over to tell you about it, Aunt Roey. Wilfred's brother, who died last year, left his little girl to his charge. He has just found out about it. Her grandmother has been keeping it from him."

"She wanted to keep the child with her, but she has grown very feeble in the last few months, and, I suppose, as I am to have a home, she decided to let me know," Wilfred replied.

"How old is the child?" asked Aunt Roey.

"Twelve years old," said Althea. "The most difficult and disagreeable age! When did you hear about this?"

"Not till yesterday. We sat up half the night talking about it and thinking we never could undertake it. I want you to go over and see mother. She is simply wild over it. She even wants me to give up Wilfred entirely."

"When does your charge come to you?" asked Aunt Roey.

"That is the tragedy of it, Aunt Roey; she says she is coming to our wedding," said Althea. "We are not going to have each other at all! She will be here to-night."

"Oh, she is a good one!" Wilfred laughed. "I know what a self-willed child she was at five years old. I haven't seen her since, but imagine she has made steady progress."

"Here come the girls," said Althea, looking out of the window.

Althea's three sisters came in the gate between the hedge and marched solemnly up the walk and into the room.

"How is mother this morning, girls?" asked Althea, anxiously.

"She says we needn't go on with your sewing until Wilfred has disposed of that child," replied Carolyn.

Aunt Roey rose and went to the door. "Children, stay here until I return," she said.

Mrs. Winthrop sat in her darkened room nursing her thought of the burden that had come to her daughter on the eve of her marriage.

"Now, Roey, you needn't come over here and argue with me!" she said, as her sister came into the room.

"I should never have consented to Althea's marriage, when she is so young, but for you."

"And you must listen to me now, Charlotte," said Roey, drawing a chair to her sister's side.

"It will not do any good for you to talk. I will never consent to my baby being burdened in this way. I was reasonable. I asked Wilfred to have the child boarded somewhere, but he says she must be with him. I should think anyone could see his first duty is to Althea."

"There is a perfect understanding between Wilfred and Althea. She has consented to their having the child with them. Do you wish to rob Althea of a happiness that you have been denied?"

"I do not know what you mean."

"If you had ever had the unselfish love for anyone that Althea has for Wilfred you would be a stronger woman than you are."

Althea's mother got up quickly and walked to the window. She stood there motionless and silent for a long time.

"Tell the girls to come back and go on with Althea's sewing," she said, gently. "I always have forgotten myself for my children, Roey."

"You are forgetting yourself for them now, God bless you," Roey replied, and hurried away.

It was dusk when the train drew up to the little station at Saranac. Wilfred and Althea, who had come together to meet their charge, saw her first as she ran down the long platform toward them.

"Uncle Wilfred!" exclaimed the little girl, and threw her arms about him. "O, O you look so much like papa!"

"Dora, this is Althea," Wilfred replied.

The child stood on tiptoe and scanned Althea's face earnestly. "Isn't she pretty, Uncle Wilfred? I was frightened to pieces to see you!" she added. "And you are not sorry I came to the wedding, are you? Grandma said you wouldn't like it if I came. I had a real tussle with grandma to come, and finally I had to run away."

Wilfred was silent. As the child walked on before them to the carriage he pressed Althea's hand.

"I've a good mind to ship her back on the morning train," he whispered.

"O, no; you couldn't do that!"

"Yes, I could. It will do her good to refuse to uphold her in such disobedience."

"What makes you both so quiet?" asked Dora, as they drove along the country road.

"I have decided to send you back to your grandmother in the morning," Wilfred answered, shortly.

"Send me back!" exclaimed Dora, and burst out crying. "I knew you were sorry I came, but Althea isn't. She wants me."

"No; neither of us want a guest at our wedding whom we have not invited," he replied, coldly.

"You ought to invite me, then, when I'm your niece and papa gave me to you!"

"We are going to have a private wedding. I supposed you had gained your grandmother's consent to come down here. In that case I should have let you stay; as it is, you must go back in the morning."

"Don't let him send me back," Dora pleaded, clinging to Althea.

"You'll have to do as Uncle Wilfred thinks best," she answered, gently.

Dora was silent for some time. Suddenly she laughed out gayly.

"It is just like the story of the princess and the giant!" she exclaimed.

Wilfred joined her laugh. "So it is!" he said, "and you know what happened to the princess, Dora?"

She turned and threw her arms around his neck.

"You can eat me up if you want to. I love you whatever you do, you look so much like papa!"

From that moment Dora seemed to put her grievances completely out of her mind. She was the life of the party all the evening.

When Althea walked out through the open door to the long piazza Dora came dancing out after her.

"I want to walk with you," she said, putting her arm around Althea. "O, O, see that dear little path in the moonlight! Where does it lead to?"

"Over to Aunt Roey's," replied Althea, absently.

"Tell me about Aunt Roey."

"Why, there is not much to tell. She lives alone in that little house. Once she had a dear husband and a daughter but they are both dead—that is all."

"Is she very sorrowful?"

"No, indeed, she is always happy. Everyone goes to her with their troubles."

"I guess I'll go to her with mine," said Dora, with a sigh.

"Let her go, Althea," Wilfred said, coming out of the door just then. "We are not going to begin any serious work until after our honeymoon. It is too much to think of having a child like that in our home at first. Come, we will go and comfort your mother by telling her she was right, after all."

"Her grandmother will be glad to keep her a few months longer, I'm sure," said Althea.

"No, she is unhappy there. I shall find some place for her to board. There she goes running along the path. Isn't she a graceful, pretty child?"

"Come in, dear," Aunt Roey answered to the gentle tap at her door.

"You don't know who it is," Dora said, pushing open the door.

"Yes, I do. I saw you coming along the path."

"Do you know why I came over here?" she asked.

"To see me, I hope. I was just thinking of walking over to see you."

"I came to tell you my troubles," said Dora. "Althea said everyone told you their troubles. They are going to send me back to grandma's in the morning, because I ran away to come to the wedding. I'll never go back to grandma's, never! They don't want me to live with them, and I'll have to stay there."

"O, you are mistaken. They do expect you to live with them, as soon as they are in their own home."

"But they don't want me."

Sitting on Aunt Roey's lap, Dora poured out all the loneliness of her heart since she had lost her father.

"There are some places where you just can't be good or happy, no matter how hard you try," she said at the conclusion of her story.

"And you think that you could be good and happy here?"

"Yes, I am sure I could," Dora would have arms around Aunt Roey's neck. "And will you coax them to let me stay to the wedding?"

"Do you know my own little daughter would have been just a year older than you are if she had lived?" Aunt Roey said, holding Dora close to her heart.

"Her eyes were brown, like yours, but her hair, I think, was a very little lighter."

A low whistle was heard in the distance.

"There is your uncle coming for you. Now keep perfectly still and I will talk to him."

Dora ran to the little seat in the window.

"I'll sit here and not open my lips. O, O, doesn't he look like papa coming along that path in the moonlight?"

"Is my little girl here?" Wilfred called as he came up to the open door.

"Yes, she is here. She thinks she would rather live with me than with you and Althea, and I have told her that she may," said Aunt Roey.

"O, I didn't say that!" exclaimed Dora.

Wilfred looked from one to the other. "Yes, she has won my heart, and I am going to keep her for awhile," Aunt Roey replied.

"Ask him to let me stay to the wedding," said Dora.

Wilfred held out his hand to her, laughing. "You know that I cannot refuse you now. I give up all control of you to Aunt Roey for a year."

"O, please don't say that!" cried Dora, clinging to him. "I belong to you. I'll go back if you want me to."

"Dear little girl! No, you may stay,"—Boston Globe.

## Chivalrous to Women.

Nothing more became Gen. Jackson than his chivalrous courtesy to women, a courtesy which he showed in deeds as well as in words. On one occasion he was going from Nashville to Lexington, Ky., with a party which included a woman, who was on her way to join her husband there. She was taken sick and was unable to proceed with the party when the time came to leave one of their night camps. The rest of her companions were on the point of starting on with out her, which would have been to leave her exposed to privation and perhaps to capture by the Indians. Jackson leveled his rifle and threatened to shoot the first man who put foot in his stirrup. All waited a day longer, when the woman was able to proceed on the journey.—Chicago Tribune.

## More to the Point.

Mrs. Potts—Where were you last night, Jack?  
Jack Potts—I—eh—was with my uncle. He was very ill.  
"Is that so? And how was the ante?"  
—Harlem Life.

## CHRISTIAN WARFARE

### Dr. Talmage Draws a Lesson from Joshua's Victories.

Encouraging Words for Those Engaged in the Battles of Life—God's Soldiers Never Turn Backward.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage follows Joshua on his triumphal march and speaks encouraging words to all who are engaged in the battles of this life; text, Joshua, 1:5: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried, only one person at the funeral, the same one who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness until he has some one ready to replace him. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet, the next with a stone wall, the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards and the next battling against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, death—five great victories. As a rule when the general of an army starts out in a war he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his own courage up and rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts, but the first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the assault of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha, they cannot disturb us until the freshets fall! It is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water, and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What is the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among those troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan. One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they touch the rim of the water with their feet than, by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank 30 or 40 feet high; and, having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage.

As the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—they rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted? Because perhaps we may want to go back. O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swung back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. Victory ahead, but water 30 feet deep behind, surging to death and darkness and woe. But you say: "Why did not these Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance, standing on the top of the bank 30 or 40 feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise and He was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command: "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city with arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to outstretch the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey and once by Herod the Great and once again by the Mohammedans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude, rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days—and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the ram's horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day and score a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall, not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "did I not tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it. Joshua has been spoiled. He thinks because he has overthrown and conquered the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Do you not see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It is not philosophic." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand arguing it all out and showing that it was not possible that such a cause could produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of caritative, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have received many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city and again a failure. The third day and a failure, fourth day and a failure, fifth day and a failure, sixth day and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelite army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." All together the troops shout: "Down, Jericho! Down, Jericho!" And the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash go the walls and temples, the towers, the palaces, the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the walls, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is: "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai. It must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you. It is going to be a very easy job. You must stand here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. The northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. You who go out in the battles of God with only half a force instead of your taking the men of Ai the men of Ai will take you. Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great man Christian people. "Fall back, O church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Do you not see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lectures at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: "Fall back, O church of God! Do you not see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!"

But friends of God never have had any right to fall back. Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "O Lord God, wherefore hast thou all brought

this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hands of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan. For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth." I am very glad Joshua said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us, but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust. God comes and rouses him. How does He rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai. Let us go up right away." They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of these scattered, or seemingly scattered, regiments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down, and the flying Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—king of Jerusalem, king of Hebron, king of Jar-muth, king of Lachish, king of Eg-lon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? What shall be the epitaph put on the door of the tomb? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." Before you fasten up the door I want five more kings beheaded and thrust in—King Alcohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King Superstition, King Infidelity. Let them be beheaded and hurl them in. Then fasten up the door forever. What shall the inscriptions and what shall the epitaph be, for all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it? What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley house. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After 110 years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the king of terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do. Old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or great-grandfather seated by the evening fire tell of Monmouth or Yorktown and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket to fight and show how the old battles were won, so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I ask if God has kept his promise all the way through. As he lies there he tells the story one, two or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed. All has come to pass; not one word thereof has failed." And then parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel or the god of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently. That sacred body is over 110 years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood upon Gibeon, and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

Electricity is coming more and more into use in the tailor's business



# THE CITIZEN.

A Weekly.

The only Newspaper published in

BEREA - KENTUCKY.

NOVEMBER 22, 1900.

## The Debating Society.

### Suggestions for a Fifth Meeting.

Order of exercise as last week.

Subjects for essays:

I. Patriots who are not soldiers. [Chap. V.]

II. Joys and Beauties of a Mountain Home.

Subjects for debate:

I. RESOLVED, that the cause of Kentucky in taking an attitude of "strict neutrality" at the opening of the Civil War, was, under the circumstances, wise and beneficial.

II. RESOLVED, that devotion to the country in peace, is as useful and necessary and heroic as in time of war.

How to compose an essay.

First, get in mind the points you can think of which bear on the subject. Next, decide in what order you will arrange them, so as to have the strongest point at the end, and next to the strongest point at the beginning. For example, points on subject I. above, might be arranged thus:

Conciliatory introduction—We do not intend to disparage the soldier—all honor to him!

Explanatory introduction—The action of the soldier is more conspicuous, all men must know of it, while the work of other patriots may be unknown.

First point: Patriots who are not soldiers are needed at all times, while soldiers are needed only on rare occasions.

Second point: The soldiers would fail if they were not supported by patriots at home.

Third point: The patriots of peace make the improvements and bring the blessings which make the country worth fighting for.

Fourth point: Examples of great men who have been patriots in time of peace.

Conclusion: We inherit a glorious country, and are indebted for it, under God, to noble people who have made it by sacrifice and service in both war and peace.

## The Kentucky Reading Circle for Teachers.

During the past year there has been an effort on the part of the Reading Circle Board of the Kentucky Educational Association to interest all teachers in systematic reading for growth in ability to teach. Each County Superintendent has been asked to gather his teachers into a County Circle, if possible, for mutual encouragement. Teachers in other states have made great progress in such methods, continuing from year to year a succession of reading courses and gaining from publishers special rates for books, which every teacher needs.

Our State Reading Circle Board adopted for the present year Rook's "Method in Education" for professional study, and Matthew's "Introduction to American Literature" for more general information. These are furnished by the publishers at ten per cent discount from the list price of one dollar each, and freight is paid on any considerable number sent to one County Superintendent.

The Reading Circle Board comprises representative men from colleges, city schools, and district school work. Professors A. M. Miller, of the State College, and Geo. T. Fairchild, of Berea College; Superintendents Edward Taylor, of Bowling Green, and H. M. Garm, of Mt. Sterling; County Superintendents J. M. Lital, of Greenup, and Mrs. E. A. Stonestreet, of Louisville, with the State Superintendent at Frankfort, constitute the Board, having elected Prof. Fairchild President and Supt. Garm Secretary, for the present year. Anyone seeking information can write to Secretary Garm at Mt. Sterling or any member of the Board.

The object of this brief article is to urge every teacher in the State to join the circle in his county. It will pay more than the cost in direct growth. It will bring most pleasant associations. It will open the way to a knowledge of what teachers elsewhere are doing. It will arouse interest of teachers in various parts of our State for each other. It will make our State Educational Association meeting at Louisville after Christmas, of more general interest. It will make the State and County examinations have more meaning, and still more easily passed by the teacher who has read. It will give a better character to our schools, and so help pupils as well as teachers. Kept up for a series of years, it will give Kentucky a higher place in comparison with teachers of other states.

In some states the pupils also form reading circles to most excellent effect. Both teachers and pupils are delighted with their results. Cannot Kentucky energy push to the top in this good work? Let us have a strong report of progress from every county, and so start on the work of the second year, after New Year's day with double enthusiasm.

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in Kentucky for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$500 a year, sure pay. Honestly more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 331 Dearborn St., Chicago.

## Correspondence.

Any one having jeans or white linsey-woolsey to sell, please send samples to Mrs. Hattie W. Graham, Ladies' Hall, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

### Bourbon County.

**Millersburg.** Rain is very much needed here.

The speaking contest was a success. Mrs. Aline Thompson was the victor.

Miss Amanda Rice is visiting a Little Rock this week.

The Christian Endeavor was largely attended from headquarters Sunday. Miss Carrie Bush makes a good president.

Geo. Hughes spent Sunday at his home in Little Rock.

### Mason County.

**Maysville.** The Sub District Convention of the Epworth League will hold its quarterly session in this city December 1st.

The Grammar and High School departments will give public rhetorical exercises at the Bethel Baptist Church Tuesday Nov. 27th.

Coughlin Bros. donated lead pencils to the school children Monday morning.

The county teachers met and organized an association to be held the second Saturday of each month.

Miss Mamie Lee is confined to her home with chills.

Professors Crawford and Garrett visited the city Saturday.

The Plymouth Baptists are holding a series of meetings. Everybody is invited to attend.

### Garrard County.

**Paint Lick.** Cold weather has come at last.

Mr. Aldrick has rented Mrs. Bishop's place for the coming year, at a rental of \$275.

Wright Kelly has gone to Harlan county to buy cattle.

Wm. Fish has put a glass front in his drug store.

Sherman West made a flying trip to Somerset last week.

Mrs. Lucy Bishop moved to her father's in Clay county last week.

Joe Wiley's little baby has recovered from an attack of croup.

Marian, Hall, of Somerset, is visiting his uncle, T. A. Thompson.

Rev. J. R. Howse filled his appointment at Walnut Flat last Sunday.

Rev. Hickman preached at New Hope Sunday the 11th.

All four of Paint Lick's doctors voted for Yerkes.

### Clay County.

**Bright Shade.** Mrs. Lucy Smith and Jasper Smallwood are ill.

There were preaching services at the home of Joseph Smith on Mill Creek, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tigg were visiting here Saturday and Sunday.

Jasper Smith has a new stock of merchandise.

Mrs. Jennie Smith was visiting friends on Martin's Creek last week.

Our farmers have finished gathering corn.

Ogle Miss Belle Jackson is visiting her brother at Procter.

Bill Wagers returned from Louisiana yesterday.

Miss Florence Delph will visit her sister in Indianapolis soon.

Daniel Smith and Sarah Hubbard were married Sunday.

Lewis Root will return to Berea College this winter.

William Davis' child is very ill.

James Davidson will return to Tennessee in a few days.

George Woods will move his steam mill below here very soon.

Marshall Davidson sold his farm to Larkin Jackson.

Alex. Means attended church at Mudlick Sunday.

### Owsley County.

**Gabbard.** The weather is cool but pleasant.

The principal occupation of our farmers is gathering corn.

J. K. Gabbard will soon have a new dwelling to occupy.

Merideth Gabbard went to Booneville Saturday.

Stephen Gabbard taught school for his brother, Taylor, who was not well.

A number of candidates for county officers were in this vicinity last week seeking help on Dec. 15th.

Mrs. Nannie Moore is teaching for L. F. Cole, who is candidate for assessor.

Alex. Caudell went to Meadow Creek Thursday.

Several of the citizens are working to have the mill of A. Davidson set up here as soon as possible.

Jas. B. Spence, County Supt. was here Thursday, visiting schools through this part of the County and report "schools in general doing good work."

See that your children continue to be in school.

The Sunday School is doing good work at Grassy Branch, and will continue to do so, if the good citizens will only lend a helping hand. Parents, do you know that sending your children to good Sunday Schools helps to build up their characters for making good and useful citizens?

If you have sore throat, soreness across the back or side, or your lungs feel sore or tender, or you are threatened with diphtheria or pneumonia, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally, and use Cousin's Honey of Tar. S. E. Welch Jr.

**Booneville.** L. C. Rose is erecting a new barn on his farm on Meadow Creek.

A. D. Roberts of White Oak Creek is making a short visit at this place.

Bell Crawford of Jackson Breathitt county has returned home from a visit to friends and relatives.

Died on the 4th inst, the wife of Jerry Reynolds. The deceased leaves a husband and two children. The wife of John Noble, of Cow Creek died on the 12th.

County Superintendent J. B. Spence is very busy just now visiting schools.

T. P. and Merideth Gabbard are making a short visit at this place.

Ed Campbell is buying a new stock of goods.

For burns, cuts, bruises, lacerations, or injuries of any description, Ballard's Snow Liniment is a sovereign remedy. It never fails to do good, and so promptly that its wonderful curative properties frequently surprise. Price 25 and 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

### Jackson County.

**Clover Bottom.** Gar Hays has returned from Illinois.

Miss Belle Engle of McKee visited her sister and other relatives here this week.

J. W. Cope spent Saturday night at Berea with his folks in their new home.

Miss Allie Hatfield is at Drip Rock with her sister Mrs. D. C. Sparks.

The church at Oak Grove (Christian Reform) was dedicated Sunday. Revs. McIntosh and Lunsford preached.

Green Durham returned from Miltonville, Ohio, Saturday and will probably attend school at Berea this winter.

Lewis McGuire and his baby who have been sick for some time are no better.

Most of the schools around here will close in two weeks.

James VanWinkle moved his family to Morrill last Tuesday but moved back Saturday.

Through the influence of Mrs. Smith, Miss Baker and J. W. Cope an organ for the Kirby Knob Sunday-school has been secured. The organ, a very sweet toned instrument, and 25 new song books also several library books were received with grateful hearts and many thanks to the ladies, (Mrs. Smith and Miss Baker) for their kind help.

Frank Durham lost a good horse last week.

It is reported that Rev. Derthick will go to McKee to preach next week.

Harmon Hatfield and family also Miss Jennie Jackson of Berea, attended church at Kirby Knob last Saturday and Sunday.

Henry McGuire expects to move his family to Rockcastle county next week.

Hiram Dean's baby who has been sick so long is better.

Miss Fannie Hatfield of Big Hill attended church at Oak Grove Sunday.

If you are suffering from drowsiness in the day time, irritability of temper, sleepless nights' general debility, headache and general want of tone of the system, use Herbine. You will get relief and finally a cure. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

## THE HOME.

(Edited pro tem by the Manager.)

These delightful November days call to mind how at this season of the year we used to put up bacon, hams, sausage, beef, saur kraut, and other good things for winter consumption. The CITIZEN man used to live on a farm and believes, from ten years experience, that no one can live so comfortably (I do not say luxuriously) as the farmer, for so little outlay of money. In ten years of residence on a farm we did not spend ten dollars for meat, butter, eggs, chickens, milk, fruit or vegetables and very little money was spent for breadstuffs. We were never without the things mentioned, everything was raised and saved at home, and we always had lard, tallow, chickens, fat pigs, and vegetables more than we needed, so we disposed of these for such groceries, etc. as we could not raise at home.

We did not like pork as a steady diet so used to select a nice well-fed young beef animal, and about the first cool days in November we slaughtered it and put up all the choice meaty parts for winter use, in pickle, (the receipt for which will be given below) the rough parts, shin bones, head, (we pickled the tongue) and bones from which the meat had been cut, we put in the big kettle out doors and thoroughly stewed the whole together and then strained it well and put the liquid up in jars, and in winter wife would cut a chunk out of it (for it would be a stiff jelly) and put it over the fire and you never tasted better soup than that was in your life. The stuff that was strained out, the chickens turned into eggs for pumpkin pies. The tallow, entrails, and scraps of fat not fit for food, went into the soap grease barrel, the hide we sold for cash. The fact is all we could not find good use for, were the hoofs and horns, and sometimes we used the horns for powder flasks and dog horns. We never had one pound of beef to spoil on our hands and we nearly always had some to use in late spring.

This is the way we made the pickle: Four gallons of water, six and a half pounds coarse salt, one and a half pounds dark brown sugar, two ounces saltpetre, boil until everything is dissolved, skimming it well while boiling, let it get cold and pour over the meat having the meat well packed in a clean barrel. Make enough pickle to thoroughly cover the meat, weighting it down with a clean rock. You can use from it right along and if you want to, you can in about three weeks take some of the choice lean, cuts without bone, and hang them to dry for chipped beef. Cut your meat in pieces the right size to use, so you won't have to disturb all the meat in the barrel when you want some to cook.

Here is a splendid recipe for cookies for the children. (Grown folks eat 'em too.) Four eggs, two cups brown sugar, one teaspoon soda, half cup sour milk, flour enough to make the dough stiff enough to cut out nicely.

One more thing I want to tell you; If you happen to have two or three pounds of steak more than you want to use right away, just put it in a clean jar and keep it covered in butter milk, (changing the butter milk every other day) and it will keep perfectly sweet for a week or more even in hot weather.

Infant mortality is something frightful. Nearly one-quarter die before they reach one year, one third before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen! The timely use of White's Cream Vermifuge would save a majority of these precious lives. Price 25. S. E. Welch Jr.

## THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dinsmore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

### The Study of English in the Common Schools.

The subjects with which work in English deals, appeal directly to the child, his surroundings, his own life and the lives of those around him. If the child's interest in these things is fairly aroused he will take delight in giving expression to his knowledge and will not consider the work drudgery. Art, music, literature and all worthy deeds are efforts at self-expression, and the learner's attempts in any of these should be encouraged. The work of a child who is made to "write a composition" will not compare favorably with that of one who writes because he has something he wants to say. The one effort is perfunctory, the other spontaneous. A pupil learns only when he is interested and a compulsory task seldom awakens interest. If composition work is desired, encourage the children to talk about something with which they are familiar and then ask them to write down what has been brought out in conversation. The exercise need not be lengthy. A single sentence may do more to awaken interest and teach expression than a whole page. Some of the most vivid descriptions are cast in a single short sentence. In the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus a perfect picture of the rich man is given in the following sentence, "There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day." Only nineteen words, yet nothing is lacking. By one master stroke the rich man is set before us the mind supplying every needed detail, the whole so vivid and so easily grasped that it can never be forgotten. The best literature teems with such descriptions.

To give one more instance, everyone who has read Oliver Twist carries an indelible picture of Fagin, the Jew. It will astonish you to look up Dickens' description of this famous character and see how amazingly short it is. A single characteristic that enables us to see distinctly the object described is better than a multitude of details that tax the memory and leave the imagination nothing to do. If a child is asked to write a description of some person he has lately seen and produces a single striking characteristic that gives a mental picture of the individual his composition should receive full credit. These were written by pupils in a primary grade. "I saw an old woman carrying a basket of clothes." "I saw a little dark-faced man with a monkey and a grind organ." My grandmother hunted a long time for her spectacles and then found them pushed back on her forehead." In each of these the child had grasped the important thing and given expression to it and for the purpose desired nothing more could be asked. A little instruction from the teacher is often needed in this kind of work in order that only important or striking characteristics shall be given. To speak of a boy with a cap on would be no description because the type is too common, and hence arouses no interest. "A small boy wearing a silk plug hat" catches the attention at once and a mental picture is formed that enables the reader or hearer to appreciate the ludicrous side of the description.

By taking a few minutes of each day for this kind of work children may be led to write about people, animals, buildings, objects in nature, and later descriptive actions of men, animals and natural phenomena. If sufficient variety is given to the work and the teacher uses tact and kindness the children will thoroughly enjoy it. Similar descriptions should be noticed in the reading lessons and should be supplied by the teacher from standard literature.

## THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

### Tile Drainage.

It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his race, and yet this can easily be accomplished. How? Tile drain your land. All land except that which has a natural underdrainage is benefited by tile draining. By tile draining we draw off the surplus water, our empty tile forms a vacuum which nature hastens to fill so long as water is above the level of the tile, forming water-ducts in all directions toward the tile; through those ducts air and warmth follow, enabling the roots of plants to penetrate deeper into the soil, and appropriate plant food which before was wholly beyond their reach. Sour, soggy land is transformed into sweet, dry, friable soil. Again, the large amount of fertility that falls on the land, brought down from the air with rain and snow, is retained in the soil in the leaching process, showing again that nature helps those who help themselves. By tile draining we also avoid the unsightly and dangerous gullies formed by the waters in the act of sweeping the fertility of our soils into ditches, creeks and rivers, to be finally lost in Lake Erie. Those gullies also form machinery smashers, make sore withers and collar boils on the horses, and many times cause the driver to think profane thoughts and cry out words he would never utter if he were passing over a tile drain. We haul out barnyard manure, buy commercial fertilizers year after year, only to see these substances washed away with every recurring spring freshet. Can we afford to continue this wasting process?

Tile draining is no longer an experiment. It has proven a paying investment wherever it has been intelligently laid on land that required a furrow or open ditch to carry off the surplus water without it.

Three things are essential to the success of draining. First, a sufficient outlet; second, a fall of at least one-half inch to the hundred feet; third, tile laid on an even grade. If either of these three things are lacking your drain will prove a disappointment, but with these three essentials your money invested in tile will pay a greater interest than any national bank stock on earth, and it will continue to pay big dividends long after it has paid you back in full of all its cost. I have experimented somewhat in tile draining, and speak from experience. I have something over five miles of tile on my farm. Some lots have tile up through the low places, with laterals into all depressions only, and those (that used to be) ponds of slush in the spring when we wanted to work the land are now the first to dry off. Other fields have tile regularly from twenty-four feet to two rods apart carrying off all the surplus that falls on the land. My soil is clay and loam, with hard pan about two feet beneath the surface. On one of these thoroughly tiled fields my last four crops were an immense growth of mammoth clover, followed by two hundred bushels of merchantable potatoes per acre, and last year twenty-nine bushels of wheat per acre, with no fertilizer other than the clover spoken of, and to-day a fine stand of clover is firmly rooted in the ground. My untiled land received a good coat of barnyard manure and two hundred pounds of high grade commercial fertilizer per acre, and produced the past year but nineteen bushels of wheat per acre. Tile that has been laid five years does not owe me a nickel, it has more than paid back its cost with interest.—George Bargus in The Drainage Journal.

### To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that we have investigated Messrs. Chas. L. Pettis & Co., Buyers of country produce, 404 Duane Street, New York, and find them to be worthy of all credit and financially able to fulfill any contract that they might make, and cheerfully recommend them to all dealers in produce, as a sound financial house to sell to.

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